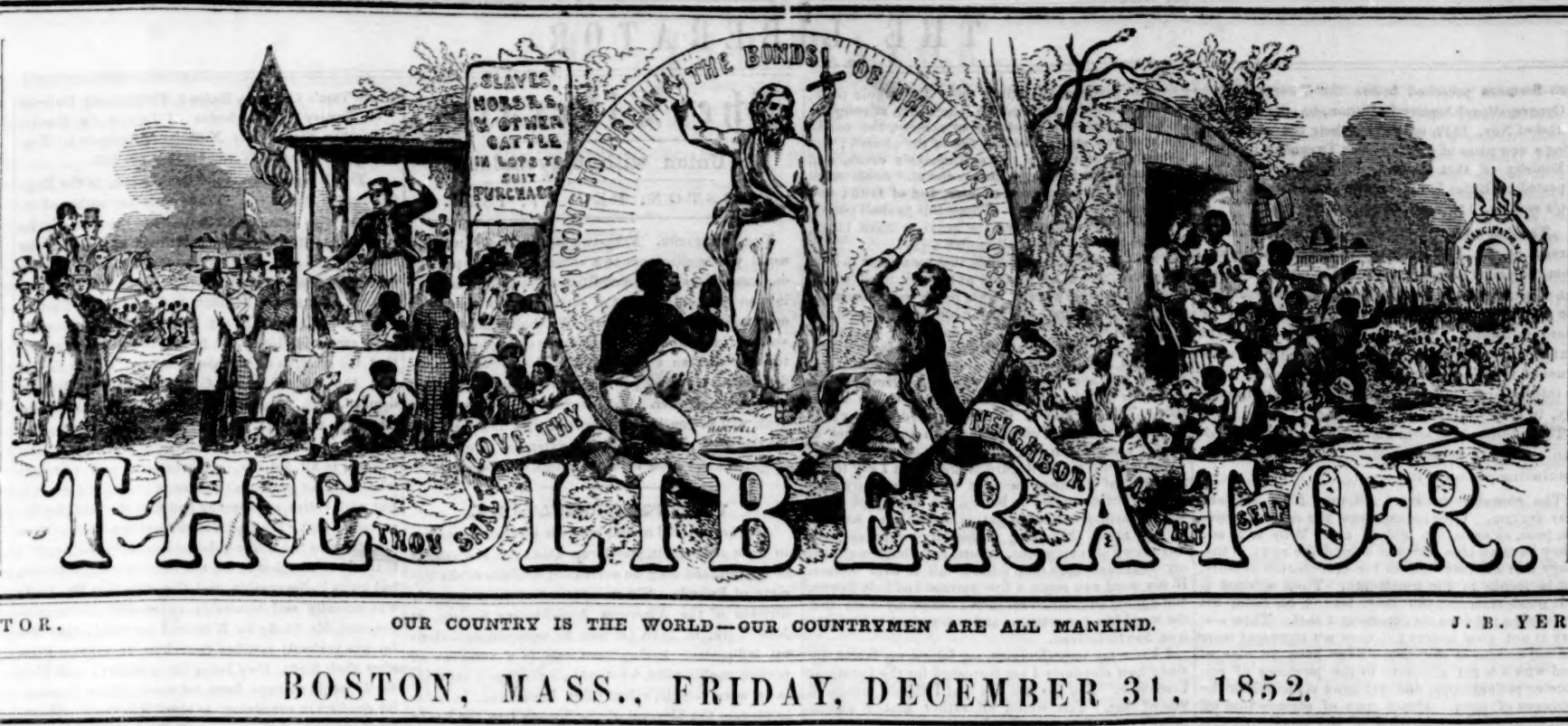


THE LIBERATOR  
NO. 52  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,  
AT THE  
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL.  
Robert F. Wallcut, General Agent.  
[Text continues with subscription rates and agent information]



NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!  
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH  
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.  
[Text continues with a strong statement against slavery and slaveholders]

THE LIBERATOR.  
Character of Daniel Webster.  
A DISCOURSE  
[Text continues with a detailed analysis of Daniel Webster's character and political stance]

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.  
BOSTON, MASS., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1852.  
[Main body of the article 'Character of Daniel Webster' continues, discussing his public life, moral principles, and political actions]

WHOLE NO. 1145.  
J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.  
[Continuation of the article and additional commentary on Webster's legacy and the state of the Union]

perpetrated by measures so odious to the people of the free States, that he must have foreseen they would every where be resisted, unless he, and the advocates of the infernal compromise, could succeed in utterly extinguishing the people of the North; quenching the light of liberty in their souls; eradicating their most cherished sentiments; convincing them that the Declaration of our Independence was only a rhetorical flourish; that property is more precious than humanity; and that the attempt to establish a free, democratic government must be a failure.

But, supposing that he had become so bewildered, in the political fog that settles in such dense masses around our national capital, as not to have seen how the Union could have been saved, but by what Isaiah would call a covenant with death and an agreement with hell; what right had he to comply with the terms? He that, we are told, was so familiar with the Bible; read it every day; and professed such profound reverence for its teachings; where did he get permission to set at naught the laws of God and the rights of humanity, for any consideration of personal or national aggrandizement, or continued existence, even? It is not necessary that the Union of these States should be preserved; but it is necessary that men, all men, the most exalted even more than the most abased, that men, nationally no less than individually, should do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly.

The dissolution of our Union would indeed be a great calamity, but it would not deserve to be named as an evil, in comparison with the moral desolation which must overtake our country before the fugitive Slave Law will be generally obeyed. The overthrow of our Union, for the sake of liberty, would be far more glorious than the overthrow of the altars which our fathers reared; the quenching of the fires of freedom which they kindled in our hearts; and the utter abandonment of that great project to which they consecrated their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, and then bequeathed it to us as their most precious legacy. When I remember the high promise which our nation, at her birth, gave to oppressed humanity throughout the earth, and compare it with the low political and moral estate to which she would be brought by the measures which Mr. Webster at last saw fit to advocate, no pictures of civil and servile war that can be conjured up to frighten us into acquiescence, seem in my view half so horrible. What a humiliating confession would it be for us to make before the whole world, that 'the slave system is the bond of our American Union!' If I believed it, my tongue should cleave to the roof of my mouth before I would make that confession, unless it were, in the same breath, to demand that this Union should therefore be dissolved.

When I read over the admirable exposition which Mr. Webster gave, at Plymouth, Dec. 1820, of the true principles of our great republic; when I remember the high-souled sentiments he was wont to utter in former days; when I consider his exalted powers of understanding and eloquence, by which he might, if he would, have led our nation up to the acme of her greatness; when I consider what he once was, and what he might have been, and compare it with what he became, I am filled with feelings of sorrow and shame. Much rather would I have spoken of his massive intellect, his generous mental culture, his overpowering eloquence, and of the many invaluable services he has rendered to his fellow-citizens, as a lawyer, and to his country as a civilian and statesman. But all these themes have been dwelt upon by others, far better able than myself to do them justice; and what they have said, in all its truth, and all its exaggeration, is spread before the people in the countless speeches and discourses that have been called out by his decease.

There has been the ungrateful task of taking exceptions to the praise, which, had truth and mercy permitted, and the ability been given me, I would much rather have swollen to a higher note. Nor is my painful duty yet accomplished.

Sad, sad reports are abroad all over the land, and have been for more than ten years past, reports of Mr. Webster's depravity in his personal habits. These reports have been so often repeated, and so seldom contradicted, that it is impossible not to believe there was some foundation for them. Now, I maintain, that a man of his immense intellectual and moral power, a man, too, holding a position in society of such wide-spread and commanding influence, is wholly incapable, if he does not so conduct himself at the table, and in his intercourse with women, that such reports could not attach to him, even if the blackest malignity could set them on foot.

I stand not here to charge Mr. Webster with having been sexually licentious; and frequently, and sometimes grossly, intemperate. No man in the country could be more rejected than I should be, to receive the evidence that there was no ground for these charges. But these charges are unquestionably made—Thousands in all parts of our country, both his friends and his foes—many in our own city, some of them his political allies and warm admirers, are witnesses against him. I therefore stand here, and am willing to stand anywhere, to insist that, until these grievous charges are disproved, Mr. Webster ought not to be held up to the unequalled admiration of mankind; until these charges are disproved, it is not fitting that he should be proclaimed 'the sun of all human greatness,' 'the model man'; until these charges are disproved, those ministers of the Gospel betray their trust and debase their office, who eulogize him, and bear him up on their prayers before this country and all Christendom, as an illustrious follower of Jesus Christ, an example worthy to be imitated by the young men, who aspire to be truly good as well as truly great. These heavy charges must be investigated. If they shall be found false, Mr. Webster's character will shine out all the more brightly for the dispersion of these dark clouds, that now rest upon it; and those who, as friends of temperance and chastity, have been compelled by these charges to withhold from him their praise, will be all the more earnest to do him the amplest justice, for very shame and sorrow, that they had believed so much evil of him. But if these charges of debauchery and intemperance, as well as political apostasy, shall be sustained, the just judgment of mankind will place him on the list of those who have been called.

'The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'

'Real glory Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves. And without that, the mightiest man is thought But the chiefest slave.'

#### MERCENARY BENEVOLENCE.

The following are specimens of a score of letters ostentatiously published in that villainous sheet, the Journal of Commerce, relating to the Lendon case:

NEW YORK, Nov. 19, 1852.  
To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce:  
DEAR SIRS:—Inclosed you have thirty dollars (\$30) towards the Lendon Fund.  
The decision of Judge Paine may be legal, but it does not carry out the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, nor that of

EQUITY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1852.  
Messrs. Hallock, Butler & Hale:  
GENTLEMEN:—Please apply to the 'Lendon Indemnity Fund' the inclosed amount, fifty dollars (\$50). Believing with many of your correspondents that Mr. Lendon has been robbed of his property by trickery and the forms of law,  
Yours truly,

STEWART, GREER & CO.

WESTCHESTER, Nov. 20, 1852.  
Messrs. Henry, Smith & Townsend:  
GENTLEMEN:—Inclosed I hand you my check for \$25 towards the 'Lendon Indemnity Fund.' I am anxious for one, to add my mite to repair a gross injury done a fellow-citizen.

Respectfully yours,  
H. LE ROY NEWBOLD.

Two Sermons preached before the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston, on the 14th and 21st of Nov. 1852, on leaving their old and entering a new place of worship. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of that Society. Phonographically reported by Rufus Leighton. Boston: Crosby, Nichols and Co., 111 Washington Street—1853.

The first of these Sermons is a comprehensive survey of Mr. Parker's pastoral career in Boston, from the period (January 22, 1845) when, at a meeting of gentlemen in Boston, it was 'Resolved, That the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston,' down to the present time. The text is the main declaration of Paul, 'I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.' In this sermon, Mr. Parker states his scheme of theology, in a very comprehensive manner.

The subject of the second sermon is—'Of the Position and Duty of a Minister.' We give below the concluding portion of it:—

'The churches decline. All over New England they decline. They cannot draw the rich, nor drive the poor, as once they did of old. Why is it so? They have an idea which is behind the age; a theology that did very well for the seventeenth century, but is feeble in the nineteenth. Their science is not good science; you must take it on faith, not on knowledge; it does not represent fact. Their story is not good history; it does not represent man, but old dreams of miracles. They have an idea of God which is not adequate to the purposes of science or philanthropy, and yet more valueless for the purposes of piety. Hence men of science turn off with contempt from the God of the popular theology; the philanthropists can only see a Deity who looks on mankind to torture. And will you ask despotic men to love the popular idea of God? Here are in Boston a hundred ministers; you would hardly know it, except by the calendar. Many of them are good, kind, well-conducted, well-mannered men, with rather less than the average of selfishness, and rather more than the average of charity. But how little do they bring to the people! They preach through all the streets, and shake their pulpit; the Bible rocks; but they have nothing to say, though it rock over. The kidnapper seizes his prey, and they have excuses for the stealer of men; they cannot put up a prayer for his victim; nay, would drive the fugitive from their own door. What is the reason? Blame them not. They are ordained to appease the wrath of God, to administer salvation in wine or water, to communicate and explain a miraculous revelation. They do not think that religion is piety and morality; it is belief in the Scriptures; compliance with the ritual. This is the cause which paralyzes the churches of New England and all the North. The clergy are better than their creed. But who can work well with a poor tool? Well, my friends, it is to the pulpit that I have come. This is my function, such as my means—There was never such a time for preaching as this nineteenth century,—so full of vigor, enterprise, activity; so full of hard-headed men. There was never such a time to speak in, such a people to speak to. In no country could I have so fair a chance to be heard as you have given me.

There is nothing between me and my God; only my folly, my prejudice, my pride, my passion, and my sin. I may get all of truth, of justice, of love, of faith in God, which the dear Father has treasured up for eternity, ago after ago. 'Fear not, my son,' says the Father: 'thou shalt have whatsoever thou canst take.' And there is nothing between me and the twenty-three millions of America, or the two hundred and sixty millions of Christendom; nothing but my cowardice, my folly, my selfishness, my sin; my poverty of spirit, and my poverty of speech. I am free to speak, you are free to hear; to gather the good into vessels, and cast the bad away. If old churches do not suit us, there is all the continent to build new ones on, all the firmament to build into. A good word flies swift and far. There is attraction for it in human hearts. Truth, justice, religion, and humanity, how we all love them! Every day gives witness how dear they are to the hungry heart of man. Able men make a wicked statute, wicked judges violate the Constitution, and defile the great charter of human liberty with ungodly hoofs; but very seldom can they get the statute executed. 'Keep it,' says the Priest: 'there is no Higher Law!' The preaching comes to nothing; but a modest woman writes a little book—a great book; and she calls for calling it a little book—showing the wickedness of the law which men aim to enforce, and in three three months there are four hundred thousand copies of it in the bosom of the American and the British Empire; and it has become a flame in the heart of Christendom that will not pass away.

'Tell us of the foolishness of preaching!' I have no confidence in foolish preaching; but I have an unbounded confidence in wise preaching—in preaching truth, justice, holiness, and love; in preaching natural piety and natural morality. Only let the minister have a true idea of God such as men need, and of religion such as we want, and there was never such a time for preaching, for religious power. Let us pray the people's prayer of righteousness, of faith in man, in God, and in love; and I have no fear that the devil shall execute his 'Lower Law.'

There was never such a nation to preach to. Look at the vigor of America; only in her third century yet, and there are three and twenty millions of us in the family, and such a homestead as never lay out of doors before. Look at her riches—her corn, cattle, houses, shops, factories, ships, towns; her freedom here at the North—at the South it is not America; it is Turkey in Asia moved over. Look at the schools, colleges, libraries, lyceums. The world never saw such a population; so rich, vigorous, well-educated, so fearless, so free, and yet so young. I know America very well. I know her faults; I have never sinned them, and never will. I have great faith in America; in the ideal of our government,—a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; a government to serve the unalienable rights of man; a government according to the law of God, and His constitution of the universe. To the power of numbers, of money, of industry, and invention, I will ask the nation to add the power of justice, of love, of faith in God and in the natural law of God. Then we might surpass the other nations, not only in might and numbers, but in righteousness, which the good God asks of us. I have confidence in America; I do not believe that American Democracy is always to be Satanic, and never celestial. I do not believe in the Democracy that swears and swaggers, that invades Mexico and Cuba, and mocks at every 'Higher Law' which is above the passions of the mob. I know America better. The Democracy of the New Testament, of the Lord's Prayer, 'Forgive us as we forgive'; the Democracy of the Beatitudes,—that shall one day be a kingdom come! I have confidence in America, because I have confidence in man and confidence in God; for He knew what He did when He made the world, and made human nature sufficient for human history and its own salvation.

I say I have great faith in preaching; faith that a religious sentiment, a religious idea, will revolutionize the world to beauty, holiness, peace, and love. Pardon me, my friends, if I say I have faith in my own preaching; faith that even I shall not speak in vain. You have taught me that. You have taught me to have a good deal of faith in my own preaching; for it is your love of the idea which I have set before you, that has brought you together with me this week, and now it has come to be year after year, in the midst of evil report—it was never good report. It was not your love for me; I am glad it was not. It was your love for my idea of man, of God, and of religion. I have faith in preaching, and you have given me reason to have that faith.

I know the difficulties of New England, the religious development of America, of New England, of Boston. Look around, and see what blocks the wheels forward; how strong unrighteousness appears; how old it is, how ancient and honorable. But I am too old to be scared. I have seen too much ever to despair. The history of the world,—why, it is the story of the perpetual triumph of truth over error, of justice over wrong, of love against hate, of faith in God victorious over every thing which revolts his law. Is there no lesson in the life of that dear and crucified one? Eighteen hundred years ago, his voice began to cry to us; and now it has got to the ear of the world. Each Christian sect has got-behind the others have not; all have earnest and holy-hearted men, sectarian in their creed, but catholic in character, waiting for the consolation, and seeking to be men.

I may have an easy life,—I should like it very well; a good reputation,—it would be quite delightful. But I love the praise of men,—perhaps no man better. But I may have a hard life, a bad name in the society, in the state, and a bad name in the churches of Christendom. My brothers and sisters, this is a very small thing to me, compared with the

glorious gladness of telling men the whole truth, and the whole justice, and the whole love of religion. Before me pass the whirlwind of society, the earthquake of the state, and the fire of the church; but through the storm, and the earthquake's crash, and the hiss of the fire, there comes the still small voice of reason, of conscience, of love and of faith; and that still small voice of God, those things shall perish, but this shall endure when the heavens have faded, as these poor flowers shall vanish away.

I am astonished, my friends, that men come to hear me speak; not at all amazed at the evil name which attends me everywhere. I am much more astonished that you came, and still come, and will not believe such evil things. In the dark hall which we left open to the world, which has now become a brilliant spot in my memory, all the elements were against us: here they are in our favor. Here is clear air in our mouths, here is beauty about us on every side. The sacrament is administered to our eyes: O God, that I could administer such a sacrament of beauty also to your ears, and through it to your heart! Dear with me and pardon me when I say that I feel that of the many persons whom curiosity has brought hither to-day to behold the beauty of these walls, I cannot expect to gather more than a handful in my arms. Standing in this large expanse, with this crowd on every side, around and above me I feel my weakness more than I have felt it ever before. If my words reach you, and if they reach holy hearts, in their lives, then I thank you. God that the word has come to me, and will try not to be faithless, but to be true.

I know my imperfections, my follies, my faults, my sins; how slenderly I am furnished for the functions I assume. You do not ask that I should preach to you of that. You would all rather that I should preach through my eyes, when there is no presence but the Unblinking Eye which searches the heart of man.

If you lend me your ears, I shall doubtless take your hearts too. That I may not lead you into any wrong, let me warn you of this. Never violate the sacredness of your individual self-respect. Be true to your own mind and conscience, your heart and your soul, and you will only do good.

You and I may perish. Temptation, which has been too strong for thousands of stronger men, may be too great for me; I may prove false to my own idea of religion and duty; the gold of commerce may buy me, as it has bought richer men; the love of the praise of men may seduce me; or the fear of men may deter my coward voice, and I may be swept off in the earthquake, in the storm, or in the fire, and prove false to that still small voice. If it shall ever be so, still the great idea which I have set forth, of man, of God, of religion,—they will endure, and one day will be a flame in the heart of all mankind. To-day, why, my friends, eternity is all around to-day, and we can step and towards that. A truth of the mind, of the conscience, of the heart, of the soul, of the will of God, and the communion of God is pledged for the achievement of that will. Eternity is the life-time of Truth. As the forces of matter, of necessity, obey the laws of gravitation; as the forces of man must, consciously and by our volition, obey the infinite will of God. Out of this absolute religion, which I so dimly see,—and it is only the dimness of the beginning of a truth which I see, and which I dimly apprehend,—there shall rise up one day men with the intellect of an Aristotle, and the heart of a Jesus, and with the beauty of life which belongs to man; there shall rise up full-grown and manly men, womanly women, attaining the loveliness of their estate; there shall be families, communities, and nations, ay, and a great world also, wherein the will of God is the law, and the children of God have come of age and taken possession. God's thought must be a human thing, and the religion of human nature get incarnated in men, families, communities, nations, and the world.

Can you and I do any thing for that? Each of us can take this great idea, and change it into daily life. That is the religion which God asks, the sacrament in which He communes, the sacrifice which He accepts.

From the New York Evangelist.

#### PURCHASE OF CUBA.

In the course of the last session of Congress, a resolution was passed by the House of Representatives, calling upon the President for information relative to the policy of the Government in regard to the island of Cuba. In answer to this requisition, Mr. Webster to Mr. Irving, transmitted a message, with a mass of documents, which were ordered to be printed, but which have never been made public until now. The following is a list of the documents thus transmitted:

Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Adams, extracts, Nov. 20, 1822. The same to the same, extract, Dec. 13, 1822. Mr. Adams to Mr. Forsyth, extract, Dec. 17, 1822. Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Adams, extract, Feb. 10, 1823. Mr. Adams to Mr. Nelson, extract, April 28, 1823. Mr. Appleton to Mr. Adams, extract, June 8, 1823. The same to the same, extract, July 10, 1823. Mr. Nelson to Mr. Clay, extract, July 10, 1823. Mr. Clay to Mr. Everett, extract, April 27th, 1825. The same to the same, extract, April 13, 1826. Mr. Everett to Mr. Clay, with enclosure, Aug. 17, 1827. The same to the same, extract, Dec. 12, 1827. Mr. Van Buren to Mr. Van Ness, extract, Oct. 2, 1829. The same to the same, extract, Oct. 13, 1830. Mr. Van Ness to Mr. Forsyth, extract, Aug. 10, 1830. The same to the same, extract, Dec. 10, 1830. Mr. Stevenson to Mr. Forsyth, June 16, 1837. Mr. Eaton to Mr. Forsyth, extract, Aug. 10, 1837. Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Vail, extract, July 16, 1840. Mr. Webster to Mr. Irving, extract, Jan. 17, 1843. The same to the same, extract, March 14, 1843. Mr. Uphur to Mr. Irving, extract, Jan. 9, 1844. Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Saunders, extract, Feb. 4, 1847. The same to the same, extract, June 17, 1848. Mr. Saunders to Mr. Buchanan, extract, July 29, 1848. The same to the same, Aug. 18, 1848. The same to the same, Nov. 17, 1848. The same to the same, extract, Dec. 1848.

In the letters to Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Nelson, our Ministers at Madrid, by Mr. Adams, then Secretary of State, our Government expresses a determination that Great Britain shall not take the island as an independent country, but that she shall remain a Spanish possession. Spain appears desirous of our assistance in preserving to her the island. During Mr. Adams' administration, while Mr. Clay was Secretary of State, the Spanish Secretary of State made the declaration that Spain had no intention of parting with the island of Cuba to Great Britain or any European power.

In the instructions given to Mr. A. H. Everett, Mr. Clay states that 'Great Britain is fully aware that the United States could not consent to her occupation of those islands [Cuba and Porto Rico] under any contingencies whatever.' During the administration of Jackson and Van Buren, remonstrances were sent to Mexico against any attempt of that power to excite an insurrection of slaves in Cuba. As late as 1848, remonstrances were given to our Minister in Spain to protest against the cession of Cuba to any other power, and private intimations were made to the English Minister at Madrid that it might be an occasion of war on our part. During Mr. Polk's administration, Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, says 'We should be careful to restrain the acquisition of Cuba by any powerful marine State, with all the means which Providence has placed at our command.' In his instructions to Mr. Romulus Saunders, Mr. B. says: 'Should the Government of Spain feel disposed to part with the island of Cuba, the question, what we should offer for it? would then arise.' He says, 'that the sum of \$50,000,000 would be an ample pecuniary indemnity to Spain.' He also declares that 'the President would never give the island to any other power, unless it were for the purchase of the island of Cuba from Spain, and he has determined to entrust you [Mr. Saunders] with the performance of this most delicate and important duty.' Mr. B. then describes the manner in which the negotiation is to be carried on, and asserts that 'the President would be willing to stipulate for the payment of one hundred millions of dollars' as a maximum price. Mr. Saunders, in his reply, shows the difficulties in the way of purchase, particularly those of the private pecuniary interest which the Queen Mother had in Havana. He found, however, the Government willing to treat on the subject, provided that the President should attempt on the part of Cuba to obtain her independence, but that they placed a higher value upon it. The negotiations, however, were in vain. The Spanish Ministry replied that it was more than any one dared to do, to mention the subject in public, for that the Spaniards would prefer to see the island sink in the ocean rather than in the possession of another power, and the proposition was courteously but absolutely declined.

## The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, DEC. 31, 1852.

THE LIBERATOR. Fifty-two numbers constitute the usual yearly allowance to a volume; but we present our subscribers with an additional number, embodying an unusual amount of matter. This completes our TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME. We shall begin the new volume in a new and beautiful typographical dress, trusting that an absolutely free, impartial, and independent press will find supporters enough to keep it in working order. Our expenses, for the ensuing year, will be considerably heavier than the last, and we therefore need a generous extension of our subscription list. Now is just the time to subscribe.

#### VISIT TO PENNSYLVANIA.

Another revered friend, whom it was our happiness to greet at Kennett, was Mrs. DECADE, the mother of JAMES, and long an accredited minister of the Society of Friends. She was present at the memorable division of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at New York, in 1840, (caused by sectarian and clerical influences,) having been one of a company of faithful abolitionists, who rode all the way from Ohio in an open vehicle, called 'THE LIBERATOR,' in order to prevent the betrayal of the Society into the hands of those whose love of supremacy was paramount to their sympathy for the slave, and whose abolitionism was subordinated to their sectarianism. She is remarkable for her strength and clearness of mind, her interesting conversational powers, her benign and dignified carriage, and her motherly qualities.

Bidding a reluctant adieu to our Kennett friends, we returned to Philadelphia by the way of West Chester, having been conveyed to the latter place by our very intelligent, kind and attentive friend, JACOB PERCE, where we were hospitably entertained by SIMON BERNARD, a faithful abolitionist, and much respected for his sterling integrity of character. Instantly he was greatly in the ascendant in the community, when such a man is stigmatized as a fanatic.

From Philadelphia, we proceeded to Norristown, to fulfil an appointment made at the annual meeting, and therefore highly unpropitious for a calm and candid hearing. The state of the weather, moreover, was extremely adverse—dark, rainy and muddy. In addition to this, the Whigs of the borough made a last convulsive effort, by a public gathering and declamatory speech-making, to secure a local victory. But the floor of the spacious Baptist meeting-house, in spite of all these drawbacks, was nearly filled by a very intelligent and respectable audience, who listened to our exposition and defence of the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society with gratifying attention. Our thanks are due to JACOB PERCE for his kind hospitality extended to us on this as well as on various other occasions.

On the evening of our return to Philadelphia, we had the pleasure of seeing some thirty or forty of the members of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle, at the residence of JAMES and SUEDETTA MOTT, industriously at work for the Bazaar, and also the privilege of addressing an immense assemblage of the colored citizens, convened expressly to hear us in the Bethel Church. The number present took us by surprise, and made a truly impressive demonstration. Their appearance, on the score of intelligence, demeanor and apparel, would be creditable to any white assembly in the land, and gave the lie, in the most conclusive manner, to the oft-repeated assertion of their enemies, that their condition is one of greater wretchedness than that of the slave population.—Though they have had little to encourage, and almost every thing to depress them, they have done much for their intellectual, moral and social elevation, and are steadily rising in the scale of civilization. To compare them with the slaves of the South is an outrage upon common sense; and to represent them as more degraded is to exhibit an infernally malicious spirit. Whatever may be the condition of the free colored population in all the great cities, it is next to a miracle that it is not incomparably worse; and it is not for those whites who have done what in them lies to make it degraded and wretched in the extreme, to find in it a justification of slaveholding.

Our reception was such as we have never failed to meet with at the hands of a colored audience. Bishop Payne, in an address marked by much literary ability, gratefully acknowledged the indebtedness of the colored population of this country, both bond and free, for our humble labors in their behalf, and cordially extended to us the right hand of fellowship as their uncompromising advocates. It was ample compensation for all that we have been called to experience during the last twenty-two years. For more than an hour and a half, we had the unbroken attention of that great assembly, while we reviewed the progress of the anti-slavery cause from the time we exposed it to the present year, and demonstrated the fidelity of the abolitionists to their principles—showing that they had no steps to retrace, but were invulnerable in the position they occupy, whether relating to Church or State—the religion or politics of the country. At the close, many a friendly hand gave ours a warm grasp, and many a benediction was invoked upon our head.

The next day we went to Wyberry, in Bucks county, in company with our much respected and very faithful friend ROBERT PURVIS, where, under his hospitable roof, we received such a welcome as only the warmest affection can give. He has a farm of one hundred and forty acres, level as the surface of the ocean in a calm, fertile and well-cared for; and some of the finest stock in the Commonwealth, having repeatedly obtained the highest premium at the various cattle shows in that region, notwithstanding the popular prejudice against a colored complexion. His health is extremely delicate, which incapacitates him from executing what otherwise it would be his pastime to achieve. His wife is a daughter of the late celebrated and justly venerated colored sail-maker of Philadelphia, JAMES FORTEN, who was as perfect a gentleman and as worthy a citizen as ever trod upon the American soil. In her features, and the amiability of her spirit, she strongly resembles her father. They have a lovely family of children, but last year with a heavy bereavement in the loss of their oldest boy, who was a youth of extraordinary promise.

In the evening, a large circle of anti-slavery friends came together from various sections of the neighborhood, and time flew rapidly in the joyous interchange of thought and feeling that then took place. Such gatherings are never to be forgotten. Travel where you may, abolitionists are characterized by intellectual and moral strength, strong affection, a world-embracing sympathy, an anti-sectarian spirit, and rare moral courage.

The next morning it was extremely gratifying to find ourselves, in compliance with an invitation previously given, once more at the breakfast-table of our esteemed friend, CYRUS PERCE, where we passed an hour very pleasantly and profitably;—after which, being greatly pressed for time to meet other engagements, Mr. and Mrs. Purvis took us in their carriage to Wrightstown, accompanied by our friend J. N. BUFFAM of Lynn, to the charming residence of the Chapman family, where we were entertained (with many others) in a manner which must make us lifelong debtors to its worthy occupants. There, too, we had the pleasure of meeting with a numerous circle of highly intelligent conductors in the anti-slavery cause, who participated in the refined and elegant hospitality of the occasion; and there we desire again to find ourselves, as soon as practicable, and shall endeavor to realize that desire if we are permitted to make another visit to PENNSYLVANIA.

Uncle Tom's Cabin in Ruins! Triumphant Defence of Slavery! In a Series of Letters to Harriet Beecher Stowe. By NICHOLAS BRIMBLECOMB, Esq. Boston: Charles Wright—1853. pp. 162.

This is an extremely 'clever' work, in the English use of that term. Whoever is the author of it, (and he is as anonymous to us as to the public,) he shows himself to be well 'posted up' in regard to the various pleas and subterfuges to which the taskmasters of the South resort in vindication of the slave system, with all its adjuncts and incidents. Though he writes in a strain of the keenest irony, he does the most ample justice to the Southern mode of rebutting the charges of the abolitionists. Taking for his text the law of South Carolina, 'Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed, and judged in law to be CHATTLES PERSONAL in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatever,' he intends to show, with feigned gravity, but with entire consistency and true slaveholding directness, that 'the traffic in negroes is as honorable a profession as the traffic in horned cattle at the North'; that slave merchants are not only extremely useful, but quite indispensable, and therefore that Mr. Haley was lawfully and honorably engaged while bargaining with Mr. Shelby for Eliza and her child; that Haley was perfectly justified in seeking to capture them after their flight, they being his property; that Mrs. Shelby ought to have been ashamed of her disgraceful conduct in conniving, as she did in the most barefaced manner, at the escape of Eliza, and at the contrivances for delaying the chase after the fugitive; that though it is possible that negroes may have souls, yet the law of the land knows them only as sheep or pigs—articles to be owned and used precisely as the owner sees fit—and therefore it is absurd to raise an outcry if they are hunted down when they attempt to escape, or carried back to their owners whenever caught; that, 'under the laws and government of this nation, there is no more respectable and honest profession in the country than that to which Messrs. Loker and Marks had devoted themselves'; that 'on the concealed and immutable principle, that negroes are lawful property, all the parts and features of slavery present but one beautiful system of consistency'; that it is only fanatical people who are forever recognizing negroes as persons, instead of as cattle,—as having some of the rights of human beings, instead of as having no more rights than pigs; that, as to cows, pigs, negroes, 'what is the difference, in the eye of the law,—in the eye of this nation,—between the three?' consequently, had Mrs. Stowe 'kept this great and precious truth in view, it would have saved her all the trouble of writing such a foolish and scandalous book as she has written; and were all parties to keep this same truth in sight, then would all agitation cease on the subject of slavery,—curled abolitionism would die out instantly,—peace would supervene,—the fugitive law would become a finality,—slavery would progress and triumph,—all the nation would fly with alacrity and obedience to yield to its demands, and the land would be bedewed with the knowledge and blessings of slavery, as the waters cover the face of the vasty deep.'

Exactly so! From premises to conclusion, there is no flaw in the logic of this volume, which is the logic of the slaveholders and their abettors, fairly stated in plain English. If the slave is a man, then God has endowed him with the same inalienable rights that belong to every other man; then he cannot be the property of another; then it follows that the entire slave system ought to be cast into the bottomless pit. If the slave is not a man, then it is right to own him, buy him, sell him, work him without wages, hunt and retake him, deprive him of the Bible and the marriage covenant, keep him in total ignorance; or, (again to quote the slaveholding statute,) to 'deem, sell, take, reputed and adjudge him in law to be a chattel personal, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatever.'

The work we are noticing continues, in the true Southern vein, as follows:—

'The golden rule has been alleged as irreconcilable with slavery; and we slaveholders are tearfully asked, whether we would be willing to be treated as we treat our slaves. Our answer is, No!—and neither would we be willing to be treated as we treat our horses. Yet no one pretends to find fault with us for the way we manage this species of cattle. Why, then, blame us for our treatment of our negroes?'

A wide and rapid sale for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin in Ruins,' which will help to prostrate every slave cabin in the land, and to hasten the day when every fetter shall be broken!

MESSAGES FROM THE SUPERIOR STATE; communicated by JOHN MURRAY, through JOHN M. SPEAR, in the summer of 1852. Containing important instructions to the Inhabitants of the Earth. Carefully prepared for publication, with a Sketch of the Author's earthly Life, and a brief description of the Spiritual Experience of the Medium. By S. C. HEWITT. Boston: Bela Marsh, 26 Cornhill—1852. pp. 167.

This volume is dedicated 'to all lovers of noble thought, whose souls aspire to harmony and the joys of perfect life.' Its claims are extraordinary, and will generally be regarded as preposterous; but they are worthy of a candid investigation, as they belong to a class of phenomena everywhere abounding, yet every where baffling satisfactory solution, marvellous in the highest degree, and professedly emanating from the 'spirit world.' Of the medium, in the present case, (JOHN M. SPEAR,) it is stated that he is a medium for writing, for speaking, and for healing—the last gift 'seeming to be the leading power with which he is endowed.' Various interesting particulars are given of his having been sent, by direction of friendly spirits, to places and persons unknown, and for what purpose equally unknown to himself until the sequel revealed it; which was, to alleviate the pain or cure the disease of this or that invalid—in every instance, with surprising success. On his part, in every such case, there is an entire passiveness:—

'There is not even any previous knowledge or conception of what is to be done. There is generally a strong impression on the mind—consciously felt to be foreign to himself, and a slow and gradual movement of the hands (which is always paralysed and cold) towards the seat of the disease. It is a remarkable fact, that with very few exceptions, [only one is given], the hand of Mr. Spear always finds the exact locality of the trouble,—just as well without his previous knowledge as with it. If once he has a severe headache, which is the result of a derangement of the stomach, the hand goes directly to the latter, instead of the head. If the pain, and the origin of it, have no locality, that place the hand surely finds, and there it operates by a superior and efficacious power.' 'It is, at present, a somewhat every-day affair for him to greatly relieve, if not wholly cure, those who come to him, and those to whom he is sent.'

A statement is made by our friend A. J. GROVER, as to his own diseased condition and remarkable cure by Mr. Spear, which we are able to authenticate. Subsequently, though having no taste or skill in that direction, his hand was seized and used, by an invisible operator, to make a diagram of the human body; first, the hand,—next, the sole of the foot—then a side view of the foot and leg, up to the knee—and, finally, other parts of the body—accompanied with 'beautiful, appropriate and significant mottoes.' Afterwards, Mr. Spear 'found himself drawing very singular and sometimes beautiful diagrams of things which he, and probably no one else on earth ever saw or heard of before. Some sixteen of these were executed, at intervals, in the course of a few weeks.' Some of these diagrams we have seen, and they are very curious, we must confess—such as Mr. Spear, by his own skill, could not have designed or executed.

Mr. Spear has received various communications ostensibly from the upper sphere, to the last of which ten spirits signed their names, each in a different handwriting. Among the names thus appended were Benjamin Rush, Roger Sherman, John Howard, John

Murray, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and other persons of note, who once lived in this mortal state.

We are further told, that some three months ago, while Mr. Spear was engaged in drawing one of the diagrams of the human body, he was informed that the 'Liberator' was a very marked and prominent work, through medium; and informed him that the drawings were lengthy communications. Since that time, he has not been moved for the execution of any of his pictures. Very soon after the execution of the last following was written by the above interview, as usual way:—

'I will teach thee to-day, at three o'clock, to be a reporter, present, that the words I speak may be carefully recorded.'

At the appointed time, in company with some friends, Mr. Spear became seated in his chamber, and a photographic reporter having been engaged to be present, the 'Liberator' was introduced into the room, and treated upon the following subjects:—Jesus and the Death of Man; Life of the Spirit after Death; Things seen to take place; Religions and Teachers; Charitable

PARKER PILLSBURY.

**Waltham:** Sunday, January 2.  
**Bradford:** Tuesday, " 4.  
**West Newbury:** Wednesday, " 5.  
**Georgetown:** Thursday, " 6.  
**New Mills:** Saturday, " 8.

**ESSEX COUNTY A. S. SOCIETY.**  
 A meeting of the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Danvers Port, (New Mills,) on Saturday evening and Sunday, through the day and evening, January 8th and 9th. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, and other speakers, are expected to be present.  
 C. L. REMOND, President.  
 JOSEPH MERRILL, Sec. Sec.

**MARRIED:** In Sherburne, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. C. H. Webster of East Boston, Mr. Milton Z. Hall of North Bellingham, to Miss Mary Cozens of Sherburne.

**DIED:**—In Hyannis, 24th instant, Andrew Parker, son of Thomas P. and Angelina J. Knox, aged five weeks.  
 Sleep, darling infant, sleep,—  
 Not on thy mother's breast,—  
 The little grave I see  
 Is not my brother's rest.  
 But in that bitter land,  
 Where Jesus' blood hath dwelt  
 The spirit of my angel boy:  
 My heart replies, 'Tis well.' A. J. K.

As Adham, recently, Miss Lucy Maria Allen, aged 15. A firm, faithful, intelligent abolitionist, she never altered in her devotion to the Anti-Slavery cause, from her girlhood upward. Her interest in it continued unabated to the day of her death. Of unusual personal attractions and uncommon intelligence and culture, she thought it not much to place herself in the hated side of the most unhappy of her race. Inobtrusive and retiring, few, perhaps, knew her name; but to those few it was a precious memory.—"She few survivors may well say with Wordsworth—  
 'She lived unknown, and few could know  
 When Lucy ceased to be;  
 But she is in her grave, and O!  
 The difference to me!'"

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